

Fuck it  
Imma have the bars until the death of me  
Woke up on the floor this morn' that hardly fits my destiny  
Developed in addictions got the recipe for ecstasy  
So check it B  
I could take ya bae I'm talkin' Chesapeake  
Recklessly drivin' down the highway goin' 73  
Speed limit 55 hopin' coppers mess with me  
I'm done askin' for all you fuckers to remember me  
But when I die build an effigy  
And I'm the next in line for the throne  
That ain't enough I've gotta take it plus the necklace and bone  
s  
Up off whichever pussy currently in charge of my home  
Boutta star 67 homie Pick up yo phone  
So I can trace it from the basement to the attic  
Face it I'm fantastic  
Chase a pound of grass and hash for 30 tabs of acid  
Imma brag about drugs in my music and make a classic  
The worst influence yet Mr. Corduroy let 'em have it

Yea,  
Bucket hat hooligan I'm cooler than what rap is  
I put the door up under my bed I ain't payin' taxes  
Put the axis on this motherfucker 'cause this is only practice  
See the future needs some dudes like me and fuckin' Alice  
Do a back flip on the beat no trampoline than get a bruise  
Okay we don't need a label to co-sign with just a book  
When I blew up on our own and tried to rhyme that's somethin' n  
ew  
We been grindin' since we can't remember tried to make it throu  
gh

Fuck it  
I been eatin' cereal and watchin' how you act  
Y'all the dumbest human beings that I've ever seen in fact  
Y'all the reason why I really can't be happy and relaxed  
Like forgive me but I'm simply not too into being trapped  
So I'm finna take a crap and move on with this shitty life  
'Cause I'm still killin' verses on this stupid glitchy mic  
Turnin' music into life with the poetry I spit  
Y'all can use my words of wisdom 'cause it's totally legit  
Cole